Sevenpence

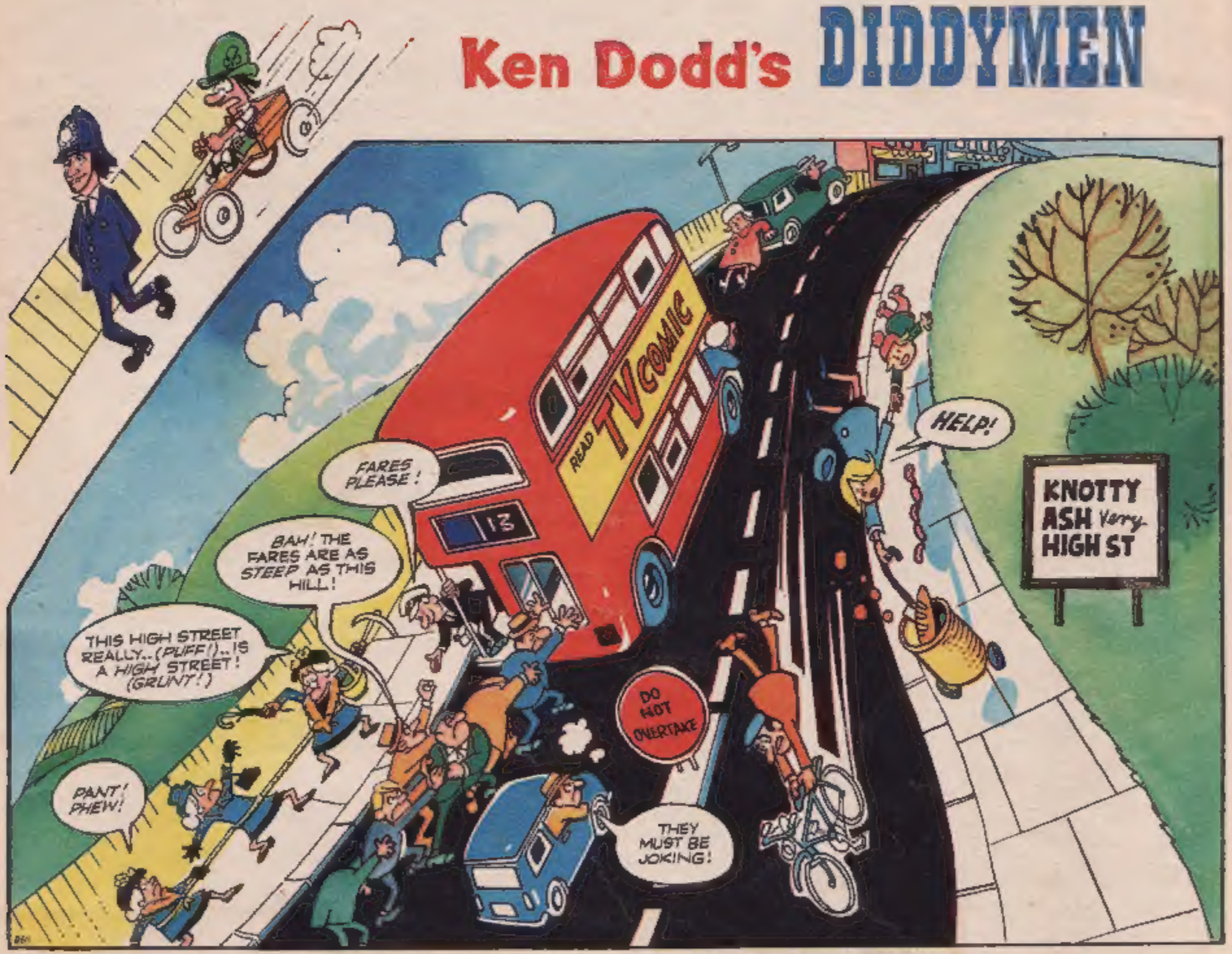
TV COMIC

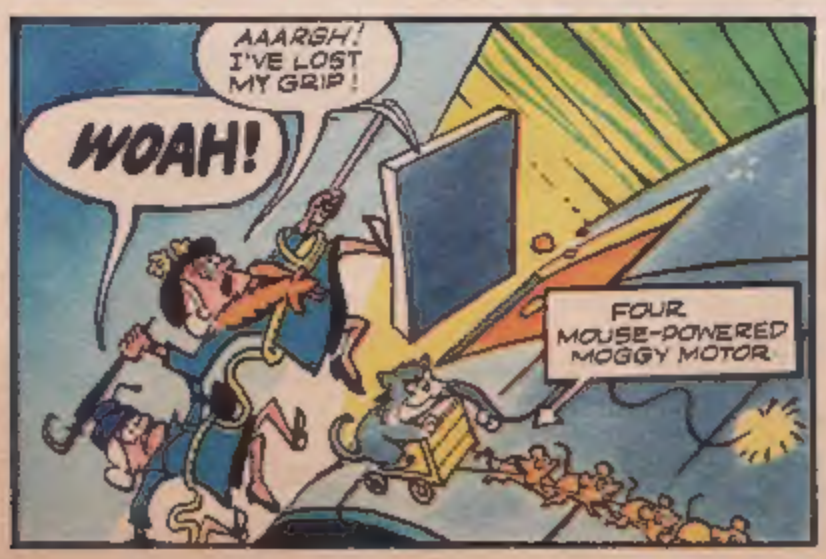
Kackle with the Keystone Kops

inside, on page 7

Every Monday | Week Ending 30th November, 1968 | Number 885

Ken Dodd's DIDDYMEN


FARES PLEASE!
READ TV COMIC
13
BAH! THE FARES ARE AS STEEP AS THIS HILL!
THIS HIGH STREET REALLY.. (PUFF!).. IS A HIGH STREET! (GRUNT!)
PANT! PHEW!
HELP!
KNOTTY ASH Very HIGH ST
DO NOT OVERTAKE
THEY MUST BE JOKING!



Have a high time on page 2.

MINUTES LATER, INSIDE...

SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE ABOUT THAT HIGH STREET! WE CAN'T GET UP TO THE SHOPS!

QUITE RIGHT... SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE!

HMMM!

MEANWHILE, AT A NEARBY SOAP-BOX DERBY...

WHAT A SILLY SHALLOW SLOPE... WE'RE HARDLY MOVING!

BEDAD! THIS ISN'T ANY FUN!

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A SLOPE!

YEAH! LET'S HAVE OUR RACE DOWN KNOTTY ASH HIGH STREET! AT LEAST WE'LL GET UP SOME REAL SPEED!

SO...

THIS IS MORE LIKE IT! WHOOPEE!

ZOWEE!

EEEK!

LATER, BACK INSIDE THE POLICE STATION...

AS IF THE HILL ITSELF ISN'T ENOUGH TO CONTEND WITH THERE ARE HORRIBLE HOOLIGANS KNOCKING US FLYING NOW!

LEAVE IT TO ME, LADIES!

DO SOMETHING!

THEY'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE BACK OF MY VAN.. I'LL SOON HAVE 'EM LOCKED UP!

OUTA THE WAY!

WE'VE BEEN NABBED BY THE LAW!

GOTCHA!

OCH, WHAT A DIRTY TRICK!

AND SO...

HURRAH! HAR! HAR!

WHOOPEE!

YIPPEE!

ALL WE WANTED WAS A BIT OF FUN WITH OUR SOAP-BOXES!

OLD SPOIL SPORT!

WE WANT TRANSPORT UP THE HILL!

I HAVE AN IDEA THAT'LL KEEP YOU ALL HAPPY!

THERE! NOW EVERYBODY'S HAPPY... WHEN THE DIDDYMEN ZOOM DOWN, THE OLD DEARS ARE HAULED UP TO THE SHOPS! HEH! HEH!

Buy the full colour, tattifilarious DIDDYMEN ANNUAL on sale now, price 7/6!

TV Terrors

LET'S TRY TO DODGE PAST HOPPIT AND TAKE SOME PHOTOS OF FAMOUS TV STARS INSIDE THE STUDIO!

STUDIOS

GREAT!

BUT...

CLEAR OFF! YOU'RE NOT TAKING PICTURES WHILE I'M ON DUTY!

EEOWCH!

WHUMP!

THAT EVENING...

I'M LEAVING YOU AND GOING HOME TO MOTHER FOR A FEW DAYS... I'M SICK OF YOUR GRUBBY BOOT MARKS ON THE CARPET!

OLD HOPPIT'S GOING TO BE ALONE... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA FOR REVENGE!

SO...

WITH HIS WIFE AWAY, HOPPIT WON'T HAVE ANYONE TO MAKE HIS SUPPER... I'LL GIVE HIM A PLATE OF CHEESE SANDWICHES!

BUT WHY DO WE WANT TO BE KIND TO HOPPIT?

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT CHEESE FOR SUPPER MAKING YOU DREAM! WELL, IF HOPPIT EATS THIS LOT, IT'LL GIVE HIM *NIGHTMARES*. HEH! HEH! HEH!

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE SOME SUPPER BEFORE YOU GO TO BED, HOPPIT!

WHAT A KIND THOUGHT! I'M DEEPLY TOUCHED!

AT BEDTIME...

MUNCH! GULP! CHOMP! GULP! GULP! MUNCH! CHEW!

THAT WAS A GREAT FEAST... NOW FOR SOME KIP, GOODNIGHT, BOOTS!

YAWN!

BOOT BASKET

HOPPIT GOES TO SLEEP AND THE NIGHTMARES BEGIN...

GRAAAR!

HELP!

ZZ-ZZ!

EEEK!

GRR! GRR! SNAP! SNAP!

GLASH!

NEXT MORNING...

WOW! WHAT AN 'ORRIBLE NIGHTMARE... HUNTED BY BOOTS!

GET OUT BOOTS... I DON'T WANT YOU AROUND!

OH NO! MY BOOTS HAVE CLOBBERED THE PRODUCER ON THE WAY TO THE STUDIO!

BONK

AWK!

CLUNK!

MINUTES LATER...

THIS'LL MAKE A GOOD PHOTO FOR OUR ALBUM... SAY *CHEESE* HOPPIT! HA! HA! HA!

HO! HO!

GRR!

WHUMP!

HE! HE! HE!

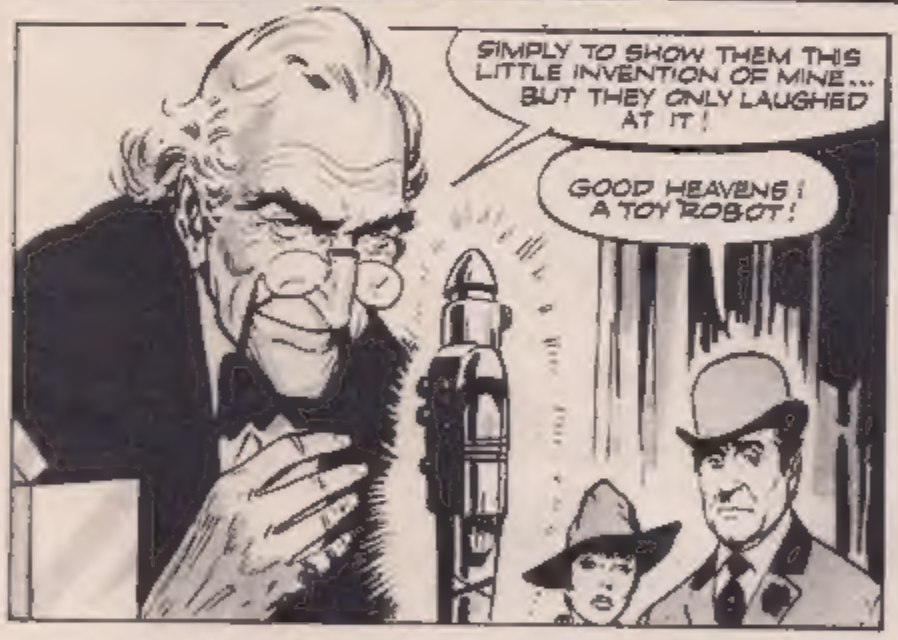
HELP! THIS IS WORSE THAN MY NIGHTMARE!

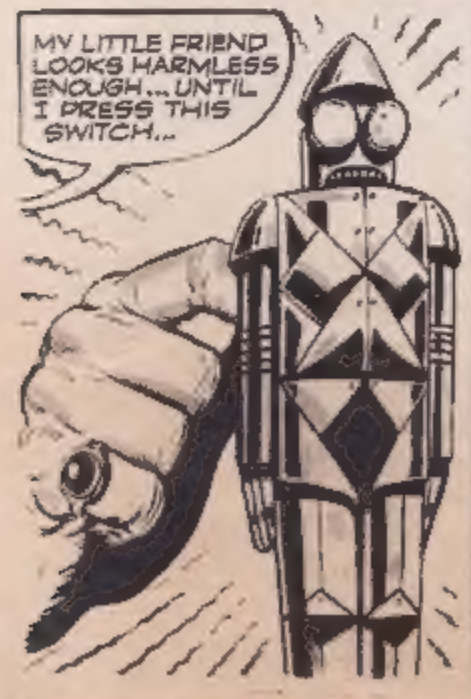
Boot versus brain again next week, readers!

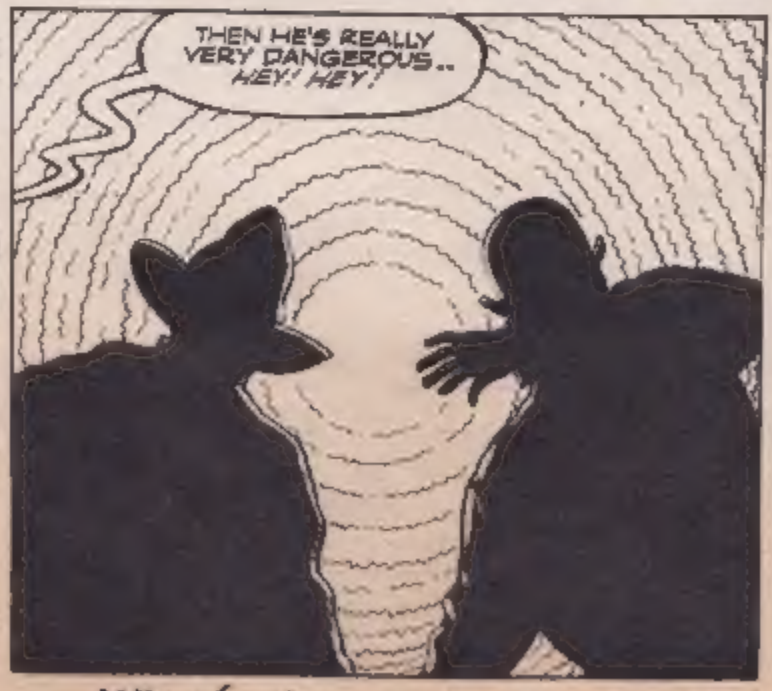
THE AVENGERS

INVESTIGATING the mysterious disappearance of three senior officers of the armed forces, Steed and Tara King visit a Mr. Spooner, the clever but very strange toy department manager of a big London store . . .

THREE HIGH-RANKING OFFICERS HAVE DISAPPEARED, AND IN EACH CASE YOU WERE THE LAST PERSON TO SEE THEM!
WHY DID YOU VISIT THEM, MR SPOONER?



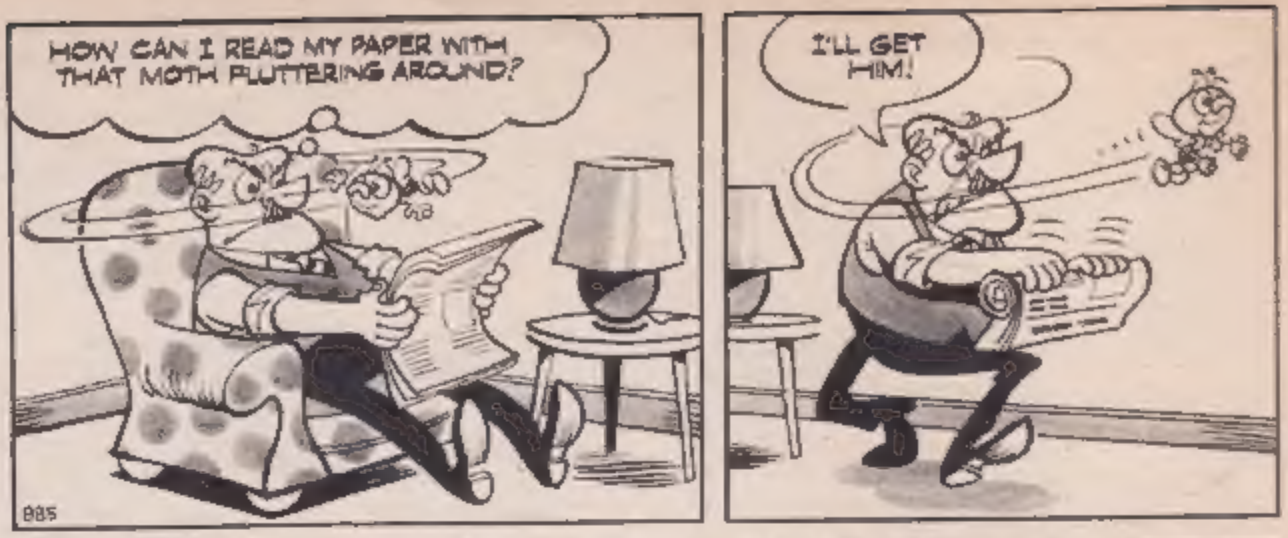


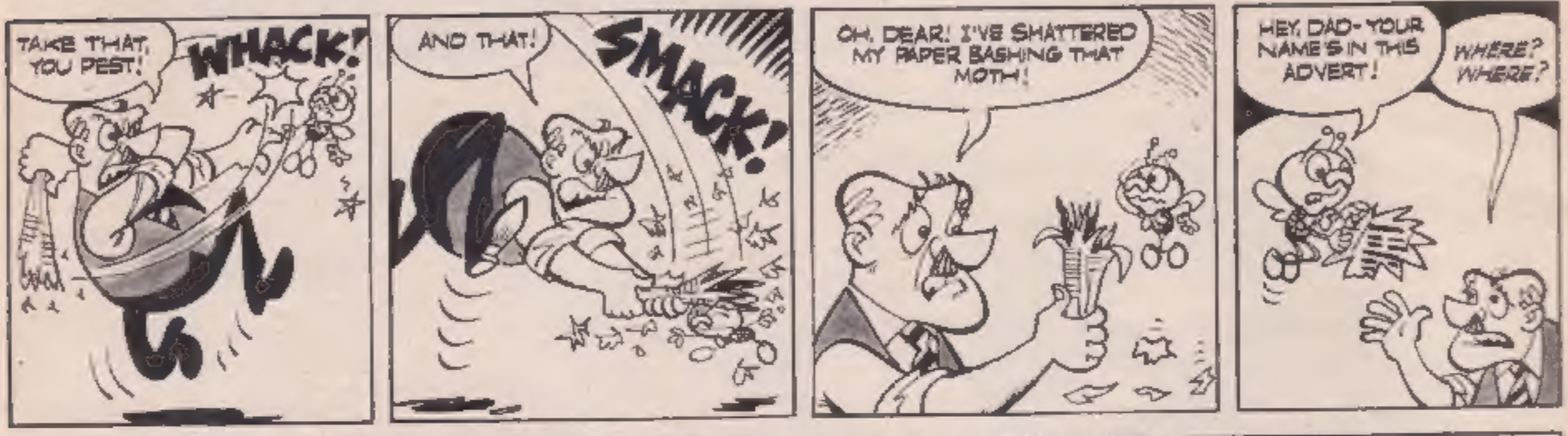


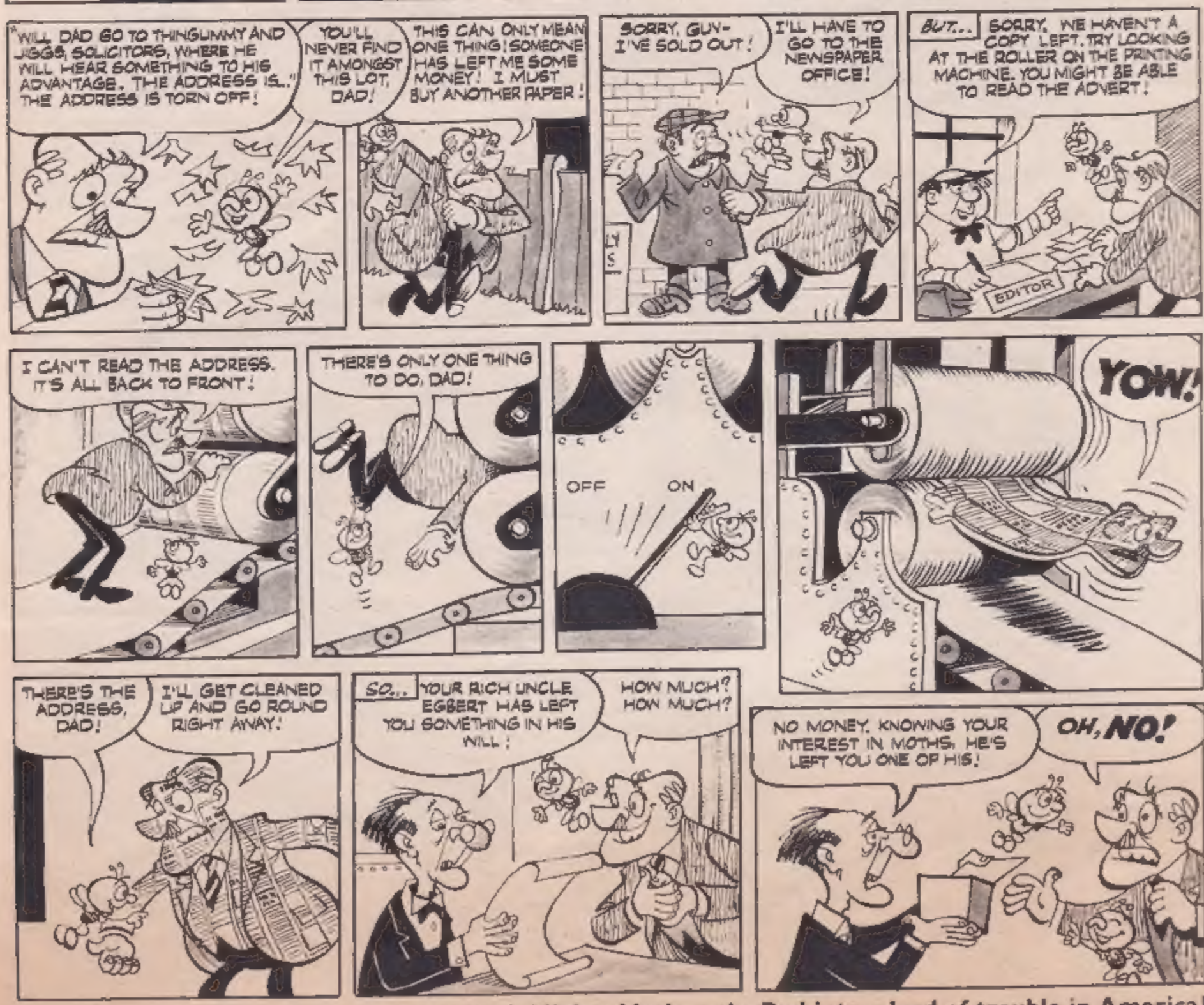
Based on the Thames Television production

What has happened to Steed and Tara? Don't miss next week's episode!

MIGHTY MOTH






"WILL DAD GO TO THINGUMMY AND JIGGS, SOLICITORS, WHERE HE WILL HEAR SOMETHING TO HIS ADVANTAGE. THE ADDRESS IS.." THE ADDRESS IS TORN OFF!
YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT AMONGST THIS LOT, DAD!
THIS CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING! SOMEONE HAS LEFT ME SOME MONEY! I MUST BUY ANOTHER PAPER!
SORRY, GUY- I'VE SOLD OUT!
I'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE!
BUT...
SORRY, WE HAVEN'T A COPY LEFT. TRY LOOKING AT THE ROLLER ON THE PRINTING MACHINE. YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO READ THE ADVERT!
EDITOR

I CAN'T READ THE ADDRESS. IT'S ALL BACK TO FRONT!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO, DAD!
OFF
ON
YOW!
THERE'S THE ADDRESS, DAD!
I'LL GET CLEANED UP AND GO ROUND RIGHT AWAY!
SO... YOUR RICH UNCLE EGBERT HAS LEFT YOU SOMETHING IN HIS WILL!
HOW MUCH? HOW MUCH?
NO MONEY. KNOWING YOUR INTEREST IN MOTHS, HE'S LEFT YOU ONE OF HIS!
OH, NO!

Next week Mighty Moth yanks Dad into a load of trouble in America!

SKIPPY
the bush kangaroo

SONNY has been tied up in a van by a gang of toughs who are working with Professor Voisey, a ventriloquist who owns a 'talking' and boxing kangaroo. But Skippy has followed the van to the showground and comes to the rescue . . .

STONE THE CROWS, I'VE BEEN ROBBED! ONE OF YOU GUYS IS A ROTTEN THIEF!
SAME HERE, MATE, SOME BLINKIN' CROOK HAS PINCHED ALL I GOT!
HEY, FELLERS, IT'S THIS GOSH-DURNED LITTLE 'ROO! SHE'S GOT THE LOT...
EEEEEK!

Norfolk International Films Ltd.

The game's up for Skippy! Don't miss next week's exciting instalment!

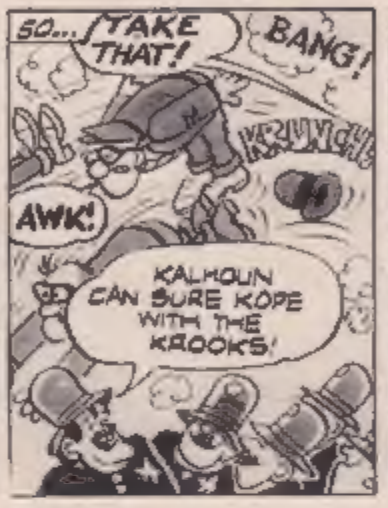
Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES

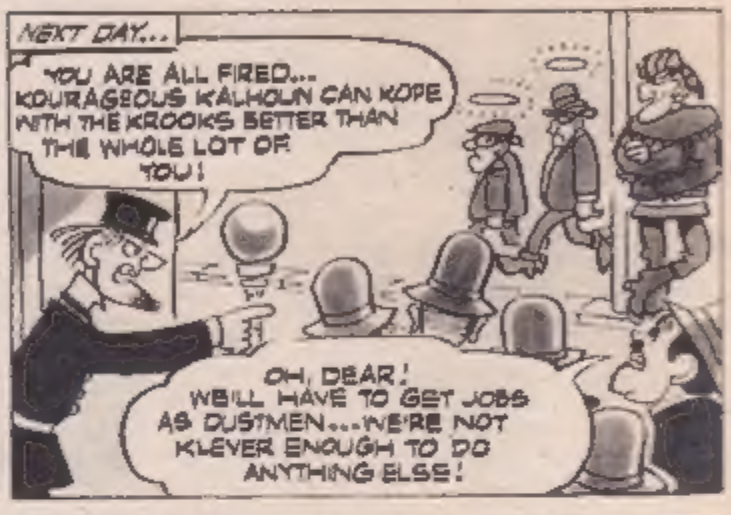
featuring

The Keystone Kops

THE KROOKS ARE SMASHING UP THE SALOON... THEY'RE TOO TOUGH FOR US!
WHUMP!
KRUNCH!
KRASH!
THUD!
WE SHOULD ARREST THEM... B-BUT I'M S-S SCARED!

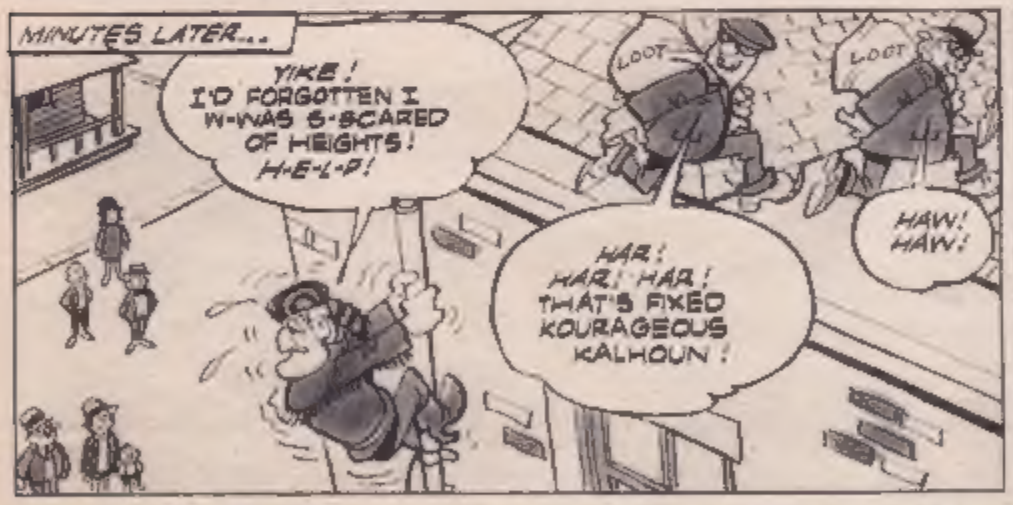
JUST THEN, KOURAGEOUS KALHOUN APPEARS...
IF YOU KOPS ARE YELLER, I'LL JEST HAVE T' LICK THOSE KROOKS MYSELF
BOP!
OOOF!
KRAK!
WOW! IT'S KOURAGEOUS KALHOUN!

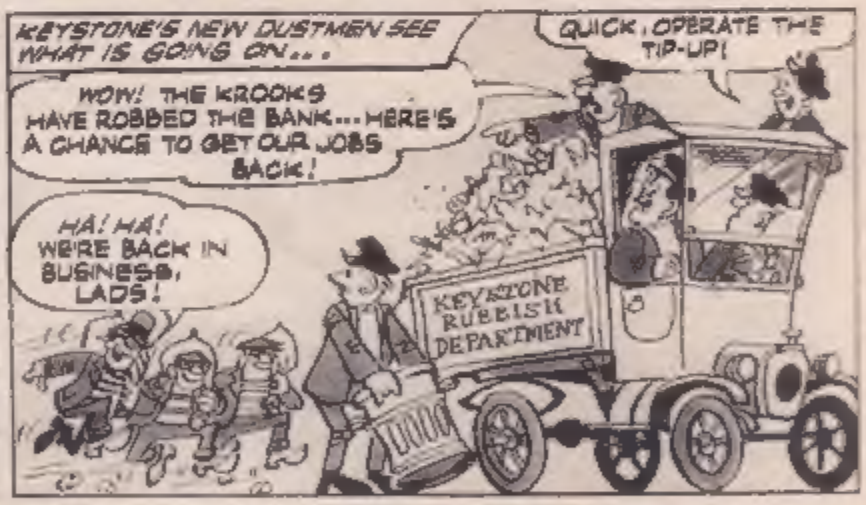



NEXT DAY...
YOU ARE ALL FIRED... KOURAGEOUS KALHOUN CAN KOPE WITH THE KROOKS BETTER THAN THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU!
OH, DEAR! WE'LL HAVE TO GET JOBS AS DUSTMEN... WE'RE NOT KLEVER ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING ELSE!

LATER, AT THE KROOKS' HIDEOUT...
THAT KALHOUN IS STOPPING US FROM MAKING A DISHONEST LIVING..WISH HE HAD ONE WEAKNESS THAT WOULD HELP US FIX HIM.
HISTORY OF THE WEST

HEY! WE'RE IN LUCK... THIS BOOK SAYS THAT THE ONLY THING THE KOURAGEOUS KALHOUNS WERE AFRAID OF WAS HEIGHTS!... IT'S A FAMILY FAILING TO THIS DAY!
HISTORY OF THE WEST

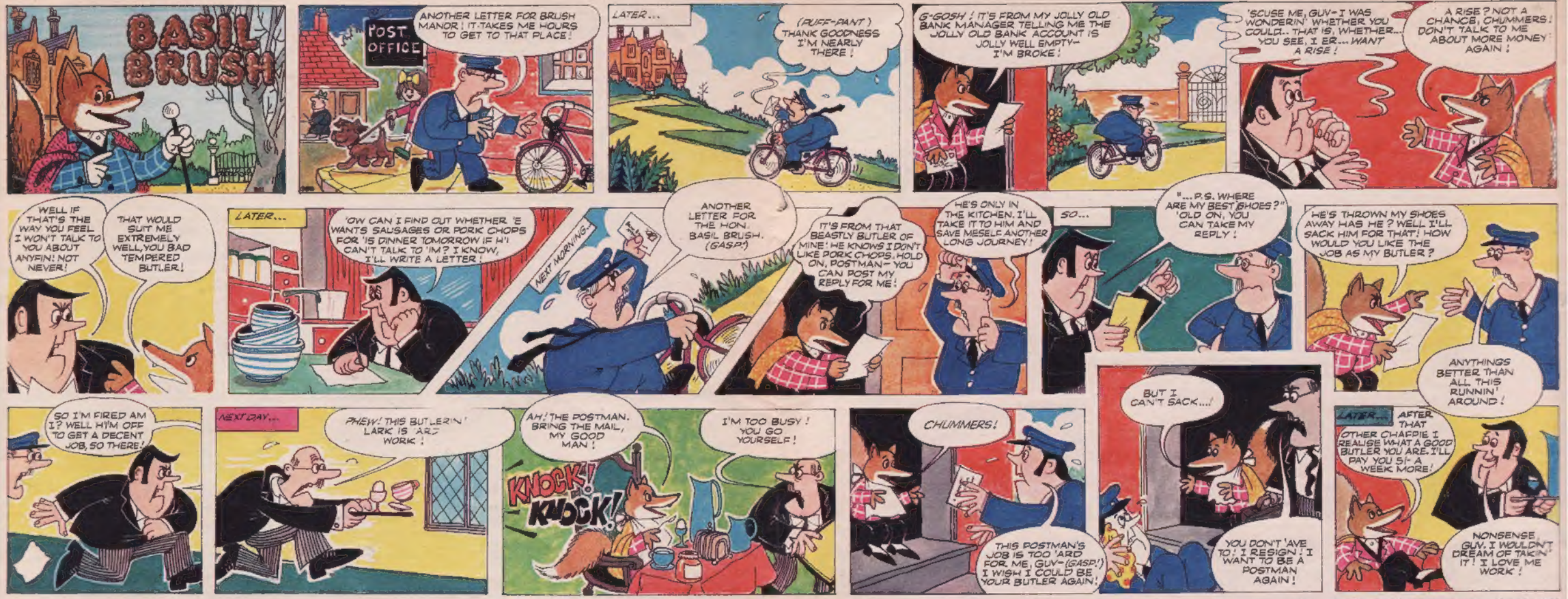



KEYSTONE'S NEW DUSTMEN SEE WHAT IS GOING ON...
QUICK, OPERATE THE TIP-UP!
WOW! THE KROOKS HAVE ROBBED THE BANK... HERE'S A CHANCE TO GET OUR JOBS BACK!
HA! HA! WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS, LADS!
KEYSTONE RUBBISH DEPARTMENT

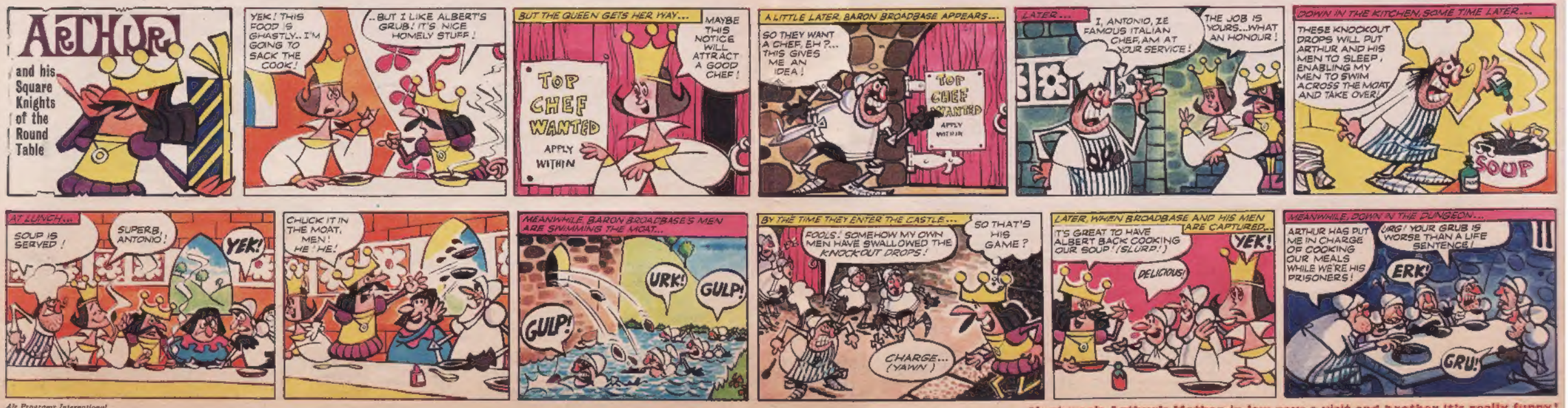
AS FOR KOWARDLY KALHOUN... HE'S COME DOWN TO EARTH!
MY NERVES ARE SHATTERED... EVEN MY HIGH HEELED BOOTS ARE TOO HIGH FOR ME!
HAW! HAW! HAW!

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

Things get hysteerical next week when a herd of kattle come to Keystone!


BASIL BRUSH
POST OFFICE
ANOTHER LETTER FOR BRUSH MANOR! IT TAKES ME HOURS TO GET TO THAT PLACE!
LATER...
(PUFF-PANT) THANK GOODNESS I'M NEARLY THERE!
G-GOSH! IT'S FROM MY JOLLY OLD BANK MANAGER TELLING ME THE JOLLY OLD BANK ACCOUNT IS JOLLY WELL EMPTY— I'M BROKE!
'SCUSE ME, GUV— I WAS WONDERIN' WHETHER YOU COULD... THAT IS, WHETHER... YOU SEE, I ER... WANT A RISE!
A RISE? NOT A CHANCE, CHUMMERS! DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT MORE MONEY AGAIN!
WELL IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL I WON'T TALK TO YOU ABOUT ANYFIN! NOT NEVER!
THAT WOULD SUIT ME EXTREMELY WELL, YOU BAD TEMPERED BUTLER!
LATER...
'OW CAN I FIND OUT WHETHER 'E WANTS SAUSAGES OR PORK CHOPS FOR 'IS DINNER TOMORROW IF H'I CAN'T TALK TO 'IM? I KNOW, I'LL WRITE A LETTER!
NEXT MORNING...
ANOTHER LETTER FOR THE HON. BASIL BRUSH. (GASP!)
IT'S FROM THAT BEASTLY BUTLER OF MINE! HE KNOWS I DON'T LIKE PORK CHOPS. HOLD ON, POSTMAN— YOU CAN POST MY REPLY FOR ME!
HE'S ONLY IN THE KITCHEN. I'LL TAKE IT TO HIM AND SAVE MESELF ANOTHER LONG JOURNEY!
SO...
"... P.S. WHERE ARE MY BEST SHOES?" 'OLD ON, YOU CAN TAKE MY REPLY!
HE'S THROWN MY SHOES AWAY HAS HE? WELL I'LL SACK HIM FOR THAT! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THE JOB AS MY BUTLER?
ANYTHINGS BETTER THAN ALL THIS RUNNIN' AROUND!
SO I'M FIRED AM I? WELL HI'M OFF TO GET A DECENT JOB, SO THERE!
NEXT DAY...
PHEW! THIS BUTLERIN' LARK IS ARD WORK!
AH! THE POSTMAN. BRING THE MAIL, MY GOOD MAN!
I'M TOO BUSY! YOU GO YOURSELF!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
CHUMMERS!
THIS POSTMAN'S JOB IS TOO 'ARD FOR ME, GUV— (GASP!) I WISH I COULD BE YOUR BUTLER AGAIN!
BUT I CAN'T SACK...!
YOU DON'T 'AVE TO! I RESIGN! I WANT TO BE A POSTMAN AGAIN!
LATER... AFTER THAT OTHER CHAPPIE I REALISE WHAT A GOOD BUTLER YOU ARE. I'LL PAY YOU 5/- A WEEK MORE!
NONSENSE, GUV, I WOULDN'T DREAM OF TAKIN' IT! I LOVE ME WORK!

Chummers keeps falling to sleep next week. You'll laugh until you're tired out!


ARTHUR and his Square Knights of the Round Table
YEK! THIS FOOD IS GHASTLY.. I'M GOING TO SACK THE COOK!
..BUT I LIKE ALBERT'S GRUB! IT'S NICE HOMELY STUFF!
BUT THE QUEEN GETS HER WAY...
MAYBE THIS NOTICE WILL ATTRACT A GOOD CHEF!
TOP CHEF WANTED
APPLY WITHIN
A LITTLE LATER, BARON BROADBASE APPEARS...
SO THEY WANT A CHEF, EH?... THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA!
LATER...
I, ANTONIO, ZE FAMOUS ITALIAN CHEF, AM AT YOUR SERVICE!
THE JOB IS YOURS...WHAT AN HONOUR!
DOWN IN THE KITCHEN, SOME TIME LATER...
THESE KNOCKOUT DROPS WILL PUT ARTHUR AND HIS MEN TO SLEEP, ENABLING MY MEN TO SWIM ACROSS THE MOAT AND TAKE OVER!
SOUP
AT LUNCH...
SOUP IS SERVED!
SUPERB, ANTONIO!
YEK!
CHUCK IT IN THE MOAT, MEN! HE 'HE!
MEANWHILE, BARON BROADBASE'S MEN ARE SWIMMING THE MOAT...
URK!
GULP!
GULP!
BY THE TIME THEY ENTER THE CASTLE...
FOOLS! SOMEHOW MY OWN MEN HAVE SWALLOWED THE KNOCK-OUT DROPS!
SO THAT'S HIS GAME?
CHARGE... (YAWN)
LATER, WHEN BROADBASE AND HIS MEN ARE CAPTURED...
IT'S GREAT TO HAVE ALBERT BACK COOKING OUR SOUP! (SLURP!)
YEK!
DELICIOUS!
MEANWHILE, DOWN IN THE DUNGEON...
ARTHUR HAS PUT ME IN CHARGE OF COOKING OUR MEALS WHILE WE'RE HIS PRISONERS!
URG! YOUR GRUB IS WORSE THAN A LIFE SENTENCE!
ERK!
GRU!

Air Programs International

Next week Arthur's Mother-in-law pays a visit and brother it's really funny!

BEETLE BAILEY

SWAT!

© 1968, King Features Syndicate Inc.

More military mirth with Beetle Bailey next week!

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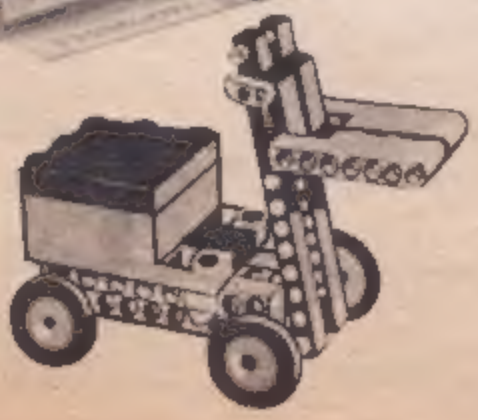
PHILIPS



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PHILIPS

Distributed in U.K. by Mettoy Playcraft (Sales) Ltd.

TYC 1.

HOW

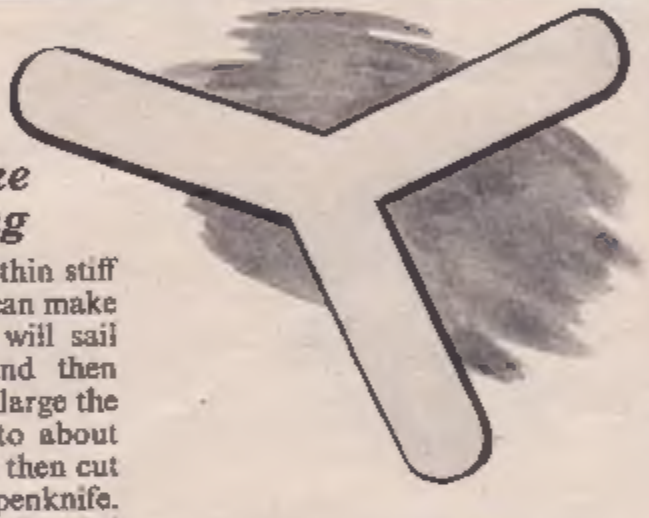
How can it be done?

THERE is a catch here. How could you, without using a coin of less value than a penny, divide 2s. 6d. equally between two fathers and their two sons. If you think it is impossible, look at the answer at the foot of the page.

How the saying 'Sent to Coventry' came to mean what it does

THIS expression dates from Cromwell's time when Coventry was an important walled city. Royalist prisoners captured in the wars of the Commonwealth were sent to Coventry to be imprisoned in the jail there.

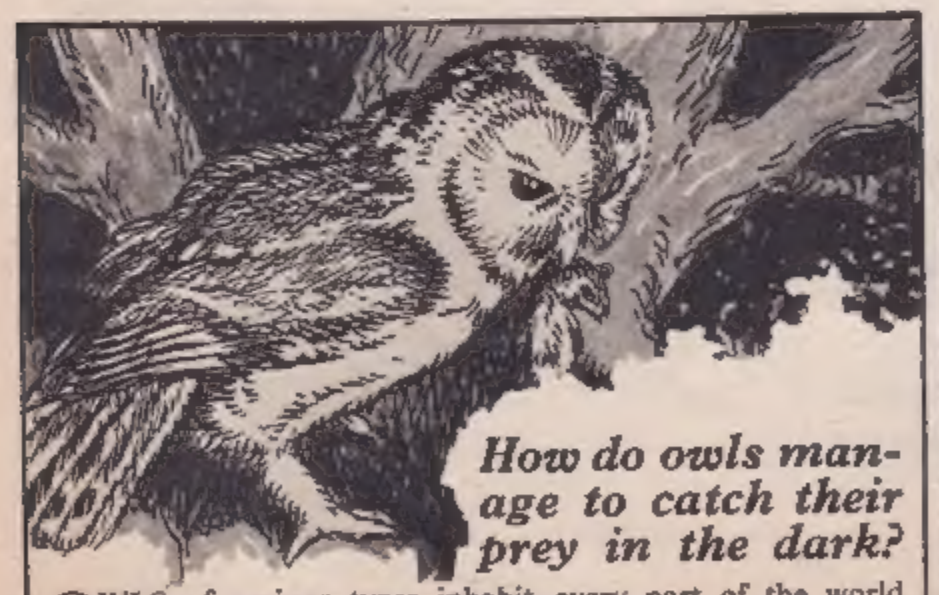
How to make a boomerang



FROM a piece of thin stiff cardboard you can make a boomerang that will sail through the air and then return. Carefully enlarge the shape shown here to about 4½ inches long, and then cut it out with a sharp penknife. If you use scissors the card will tend to curl, and this will spoil the performance of the boomerang which must be perfectly flat and have no jagged edges. If these instructions are followed you will have a boomerang that will return to the thrower every time. If it fails to do so it means you have slipped up somewhere.

How to launch it

HAVING made your boomerang, place it on a flat surface such as the cover of a book, or a piece of board as shown here. Give the projecting arm a sharp flick with a pencil and your model will sail off for some distance and then curve back to you.



How do owls manage to catch their prey in the dark?

OWLS of various types inhabit every part of the world except Antarctica, and most of them hunt by night. They are well adapted for this purpose. Their soft downy plumage enables them to fly silently, and the pupils of their large round eyes make the most of any light there may be. Probably more important is their acute sense of hearing by means of which they can follow the movements of a tiny rodent in pitch darkness.

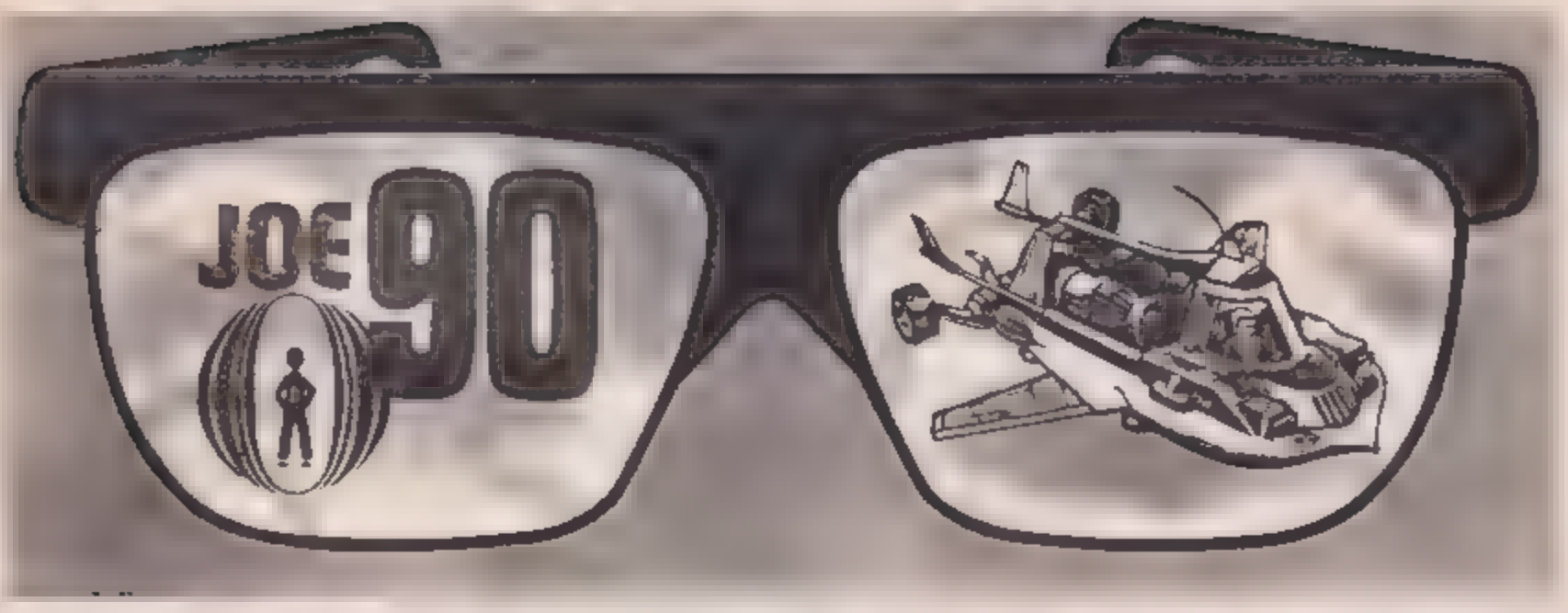
Based on the Southern Independent Television Network Production

How to make light of it

THIS is an experiment which works best in clear, dry, wintry weather. If you can get hold of an old lighting tube, rub it rapidly in a very dark room with a pad of dry woollen cloth, and you will find that after a short while it will glow with a dim white light.

Answer to half-crown puzzle.
Give 10d. each to a grandfather, his son and his grandson.

The HOW page is packed with interest and knowledge every week!



FREE WITH SUGAR SMACKS THESE W.I.N. BADGES

Sam William Loover Aged 44. Born December 15th in Flagstaff, Arizona. Deputy Head of London Branch of W.I.N. Unmarried. Nationality American

Professor Ian McClaine Aged 48 Born July 24th in London. Professor of Electronics. Inventor of the BIG RAT. Widower Nationality—British.

Once Mac had agreed to allow him to be used as an agent for the World Intelligence Network Joe was named W I N 's Most Secret Agent. This is the badge he was awarded by the Deputy Head of W.I N . Shane Weston

The Joe 90 symbol, which is the trademark of the entire Joe 90 TV series.

Joe McClaine Code name Joe 90. Aged 9. Born in Hampstead, London, on April 1. Orphaned at the age of 12 months to the Caxton Manor Orphanage. Adopted at the age of 5 by Ian and Mary McClaine Now top secret agent for the W I N. Nationality Brit sh

ACTUAL SIZES

Once a brain pattern has been recorded by the BIG RAT and transferred to Joe, he has to wear special glasses with built in electrodes in order to enable the transfer to work. Without them he s a normal boy, but wearing them he has all the knowledge and experience of the expert whose brain patterns he has received.

COLLECT ALL SIX

THERE'S ONE FREE INSIDE EACH PACKET

Larry Harmon's Laurel & Hardy

© 1968. Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation

THIS IS A R-ROTTEN J-JOB, ST-STANLEY!
CHATTER CHATTER
BR RRRRR
SHUDDER BRR-RR-RR BR R-R-R BRRRRRRR
SID'S TAILOR'S

SHUT THAT RACKET UP!
YEAH.. IF YOU DON'T, WE'LL CALL THE POLICE!
OH, DEAR!
I'M SCARED!
BRRRR RR R

WE'RE SORRY, BOSS, BUT THE PUBLIC ARE GETTING ANGRY... I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO QUIT!
YES... WE DON'T LIKE BEING UNPOPULAR!
SUIT YOURSELVES!

A LITTLE LATER...
THOSE JOBS M-MIGHT S-SUIT US, S-STAN.. LET'S APPLY!
SID'S TAILOR
TWO MEN WANTED TO ADVERTISE OVERCOATS
WE CAN'T STOP SHAKING AFTER USING THOSE DRILLS!

SO... HA! HA! THEY CAN'T BE VERY WARM COATS.. THOSE TWO ARE SHIVERING!
HO! HO! HO!
SHODDER
BUY SNUGGO SUPER WARM COATS
BUY SNUGGO SUPER WARM COATS
TREMBLE

WHAT ROTTEN OVERCOATS! HAW! HAW!
BAH! THOSE TWO WILL RUIN THE SALES OF MY SNUGGOS!
SHUDDER
BUY SNUGGO SUPER WARM COATS
SHUDDER

CLEAR OFF, IDIOTS!
BONK!
YOUCH!

SO THE TWO FRIENDS GO BACK TO DRILLING...
I D-DON'T L-LIKE THE L-LOOK OF THESE P-PEOPLE!
HE'LL SOON SHUT 'EM UP!
BRRRRRR
BRRRR RR IRR
FRUIT &

HEY!
URK!
SPLATT!
TAKE THAT!
SPLUDGE!

A LITTLE LATER... I'VE AN IDEA WHICH WILL KEEP THE DRILLS QUIET! (WHISPER!)
SID'S TAILOR
GREAT!.. YOU'RE A GENIUS, OLLIE!

SO... I DON'T BELIEVE IT... I'VE SOLD THREE SNUGGOS! THOSE TWO BROUGHT ME TRADE AFTER ALL!
NOW TO TRY MY PLAN!

MINUTES LATER... I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE SELLING MY OVERCOATS AS SUPER DRILL-SILENCERS!
CONTENT!
YOU TWO WILL GET A BONUS FOR THIS!
NOW EVERYONE'S HAPPY! HE! HE!
DRILL SILENCERS IN STOCK
DANGER MEN AT WORK
MUFFLED MURMER

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Doctor WHO

THE Tardis whirls through time and space carrying Dr. Who and Jamie to an unknown destination. Suddenly the strange vehicle begins to materialise beneath a rocky over-hang . . .

IT WOULDN'T TAKE MUCH TO BRING THAT ROCKY OVER-HANG CRASHING DOWN ON THE TARDIS!
OCH, IT'S PROBABLY BEEN STICKING OUT LIKE THAT FOR A THOUSAND YEARS... LET'S EXPLORE THE JUNGLE!

BUT ON A NEARBY PLANET OTHERS HAVE SPOTTED THE VULNERABLE POSITION OF THE TARDIS...
OUR ENEMIES HAVE LEFT THEIR SPACE VEHICLE IN A DANGEROUS PLACE.. SEND A ROCKET TO DISTURB THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE!
YES! LET IT BE DONE!

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IT'S BURIED UNDER TONS OF ROCK... WHAT CAUSED THIS DISASTER?

... THAT PLANE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT!

THEN SUDDENLY...

A FLYING SAUCER!

IT'S ALL PART OF A PLOT, JAMIE... HEAD FOR THE JUNGLE!

ONE OF MY ADVERSARIES HAS PLANNED OUR DOOM..FIRST THEY SABOTAGE THE TARDIS, NOW THEY HUNT US IN A FLYING SAUCER!

...IT HAS TO BE THE QUARKS!

THE FLYING SAUCER BURNS ITSELF A LANDING AREA OUT OF THE EQUATORIAL FOREST BELOW...

A CLEARING WILL SOON BE PREPARED... STAND BY TO LAND!

LATER...

IT'S HOPELESS WITH ONLY BARE HANDS AGAINST THIS UNDERGROWTH!

I FEAR YOU'RE RIGHT, JAMIE... THE QUARKS MUST BE ALMOST ON TOP OF US!

A FEW HUNDRED YARDS BEHIND, THE QUARKS ARE MAKING STARTLING PROGRESS.

CLEAR THE WAY WITH YOUR RAYS... THE SPACE TRAVELLERS CANNOT BE FAR AWAY!

ZZZBB!

ZZZZZBB!

THERE! UP AHEAD... I HAVE SEEN OUR PREY! SHOW THEM NO M-E-R-C-Y! D-E-S-T-R-O-Y THEM!

FLASH

Next week Dr. Who and Jamie make an action-packed stand against the Quarks!

67 Dorey

POPEYE

PLEASE LEND ME THE AIR FARE TO *BURGERLAND*... HAMBURGERS ARE ONLY A PENNY EACH THERE!

885

COME TO SUNNY BURGERLAND

HAMBURGERS ONLY ONE SNNY EACH?

YOU'RE ALWAYS BORROWIN', WIMPY!

HERE! GO TO BURGERLAND AND BUY A CRATE OF BURGERS.. ANYTHING TO GET RID OF YOU!

THANK YOU, KIND SIR!

WIMPY IS SOON LANDING IN SUNNY BURGERLAND...

JUST THINK OF ALL THOSE HAMBURGERS WAITIN' FOR ME!

LATER...

ORGERS 1d each

OH, BOY! CAN'T WAIT TO GET THIS LOT BACK HOME!

HAM BURGERS

A LITTLE LATER...

HOPE MY BURGERS WILL BE SAFE STRAPPED TO THE ROOF-RACK!

ON THE RETURN JOURNEY THE PLANE CROSSES THE ALPS...

YIKE! MY HAMBURGERS HAVE FALLEN OFF THE ROOF!

I MUST RECOVER MY PRECIOUS HAMBURGERS...I CAN'T GO HOME WITHOUT THEM!

MINUTES LATER...

FOUND THEM! WHOOPEE!

BUT...

PUFF! PANT!

HMM! THAT CHAP LOOKS AS THOUGH HE NEEDS RESCUING!

GRUFFF! GRUFFF!

HEY! NO..I DON'T WANT TO BE RESCUED! LEAVE ME WITH MY BURGERS!

I PROTEST! LEAVE ME! MY HAMBURGERS!

BOY, THIS GUY IS SURE UNGRATEFUL... BUT I'LL SEE HE GETS SAFELY BACK FROM WHERE HE CAME!

LATER, BACK AT HOME...

PLEASE LEND ME THE AIR FARE TO THE ALPS, POPEYE! I KNOW WHERE I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON A CRATE OF FROZEN HAMBURGERS, FREE!

NO!

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Big laughs next week when Popeye's biggest enemy returns . . . Hunk Dory!